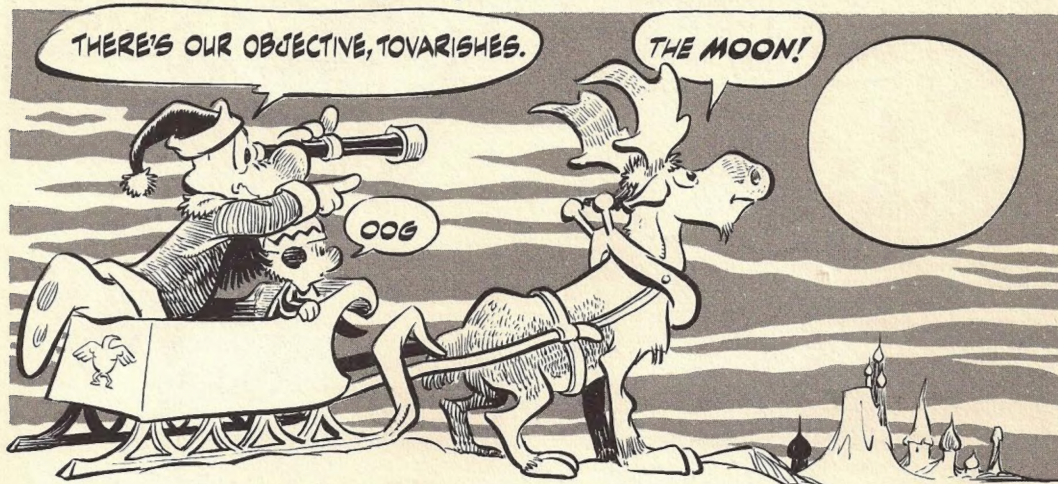


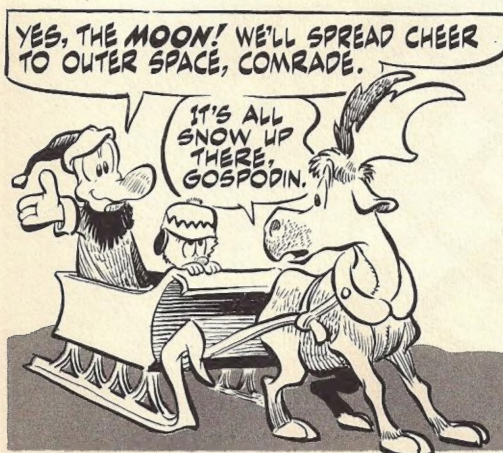
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS (TO THE MOON)

Apologies to Clement Moore



'Twas the night before Xmas,
When all through the moon

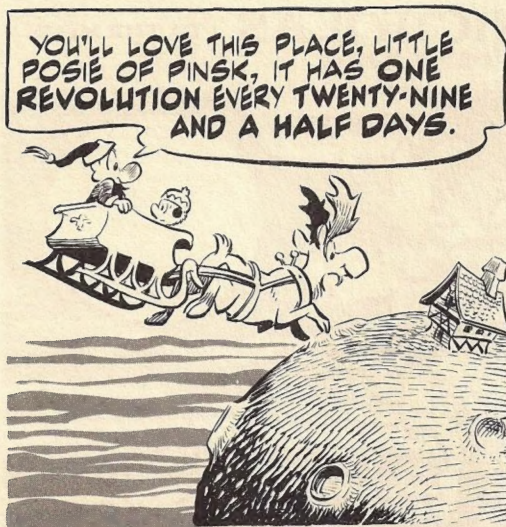
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a spoon;



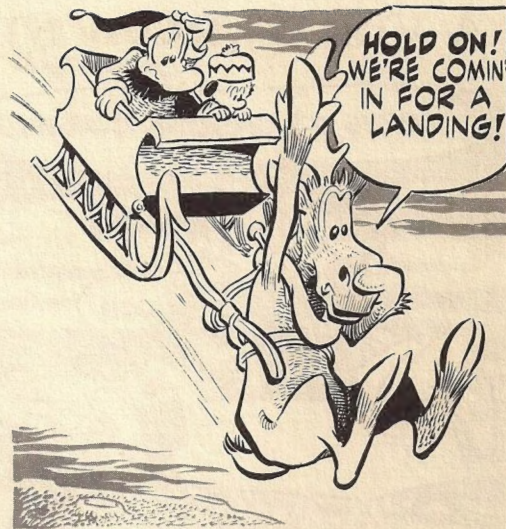
The stockings were hung
By the chimney with care



In hopes that St. Nicholas
Soon would be there;



The children were nestled
All snug in their beds



While visions of sugar plums
Danced in their heads;



When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,



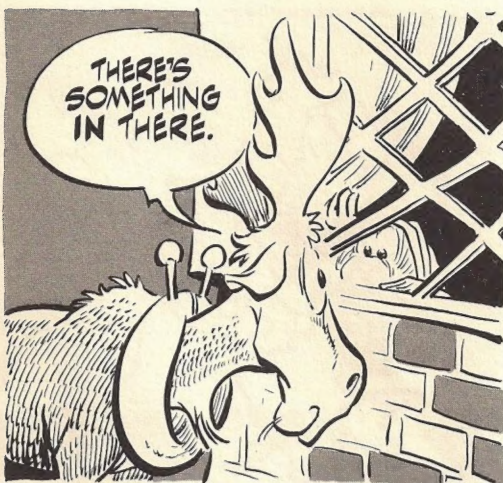
I sprang from the bed
To see what was the matter.



Away to the window
I flew like a flash,



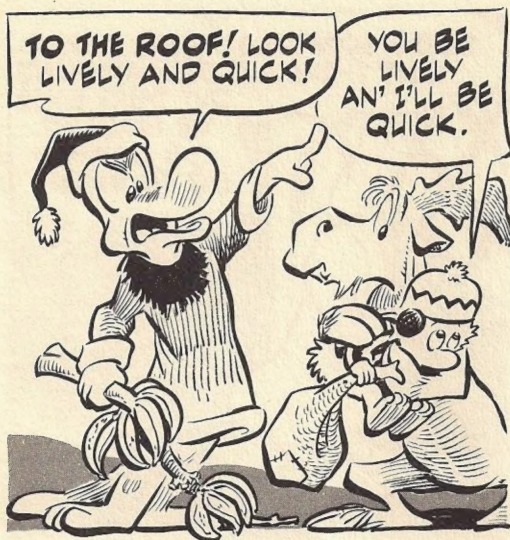
Tore open the shutters
And threw up the sash.



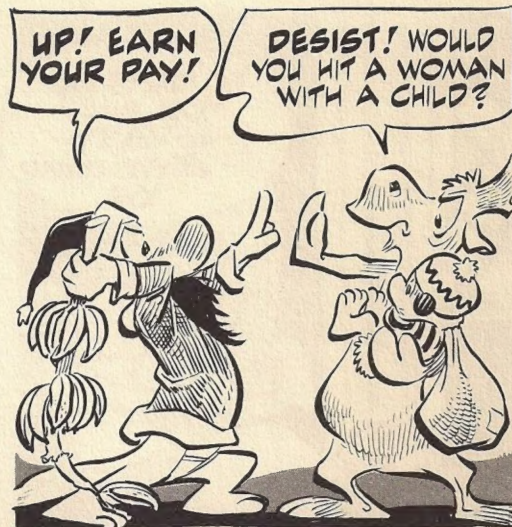
When, what to my wondering
Eyes should appear,



But a miniature sleigh,
And eight tiny reindeer,



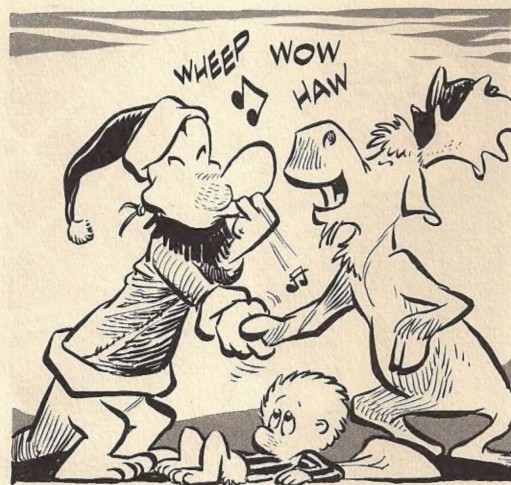
With a little old driver,
So lively and quick,



I knew in a moment
It must be St. Nick.



More rapid than eagles
His coursers they came,



And he whistled and shouted
And called them by name:



"Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer!
Now, Prancer and Vixen!"



"On, Comet! On, Cupid!
On, Donner and Blitzen!"



"To the top of the porch!
To the top of the wall!"

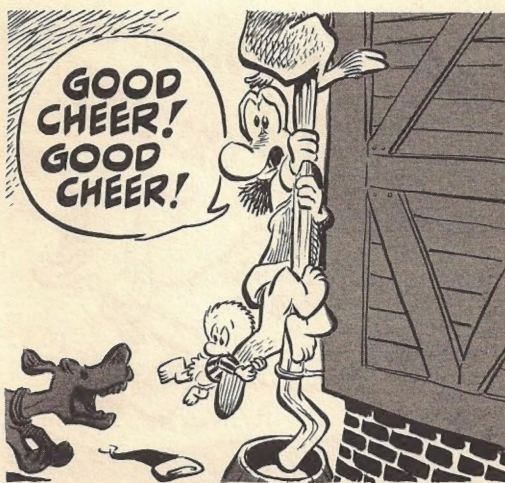


"Now dash away! Dash away!
Dash away all!"

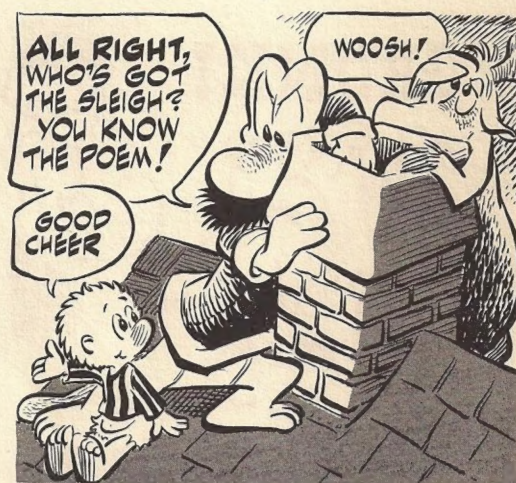


As dry leaves that before
The wild hurricane fly,

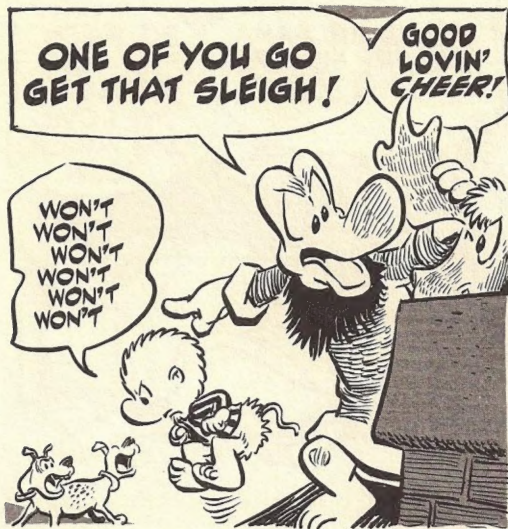
When they meet with an obstacle,
Mount to the sky,



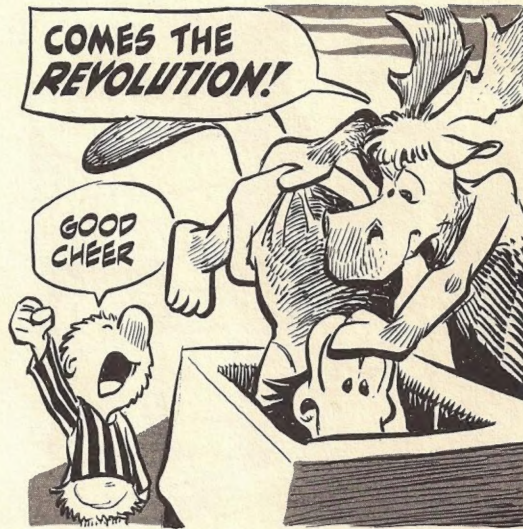
So up to the house-top
The coursers they flew,



With a sleigh full of toys,
And St. Nicholas, too.



And then in a twinkling,
I heard on the roof



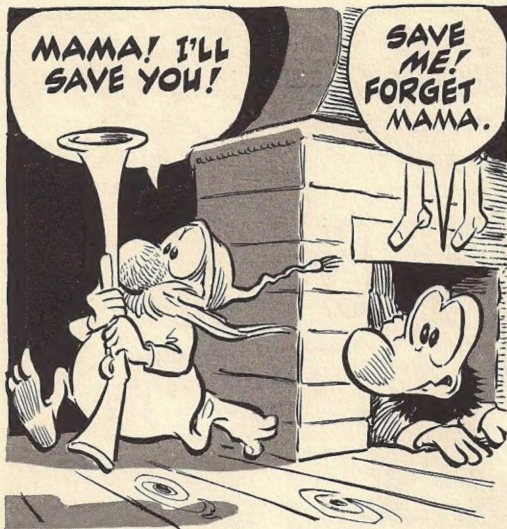
The prancing and pawing
Of each tiny hoof.



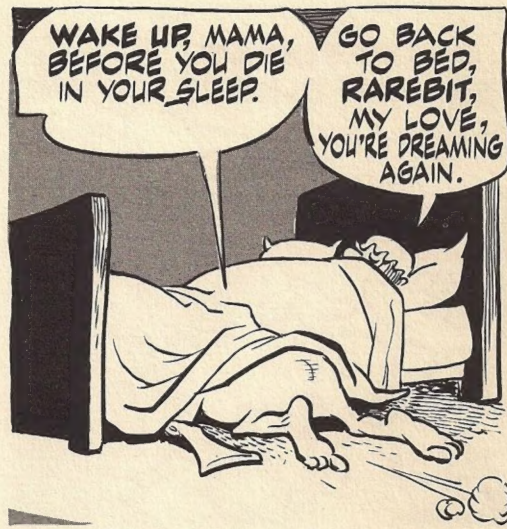
As I drew in my head,
And was turning around,



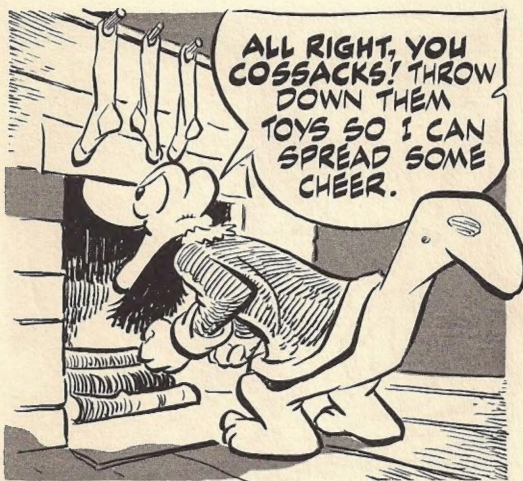
Down the chimney
St. Nicholas came with a bound.



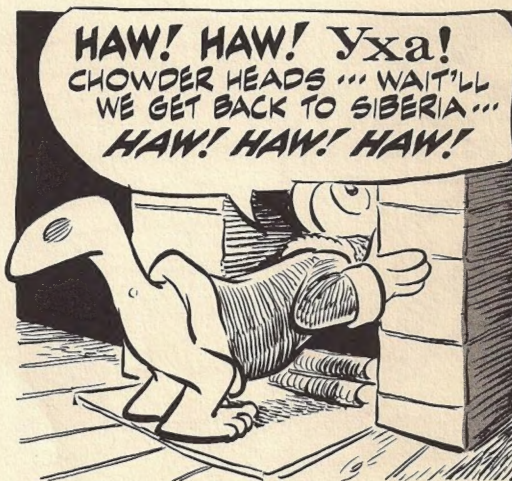
His eyes, how they twinkled!
His dimples how merry!



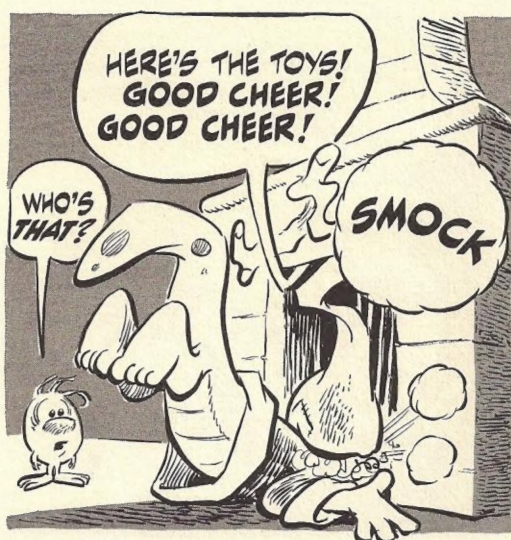
His cheeks were like roses!
His nose like a cherry!



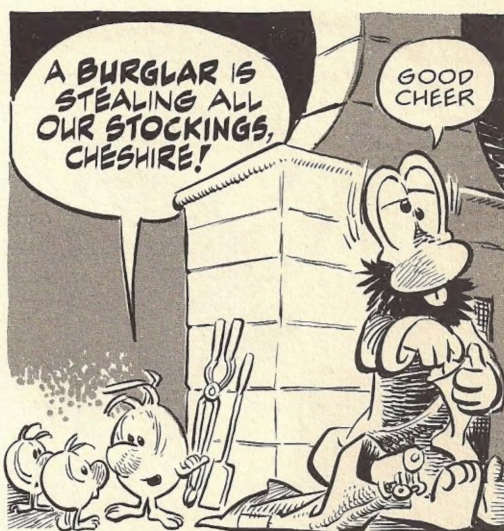
He had a broad face
And a little round belly



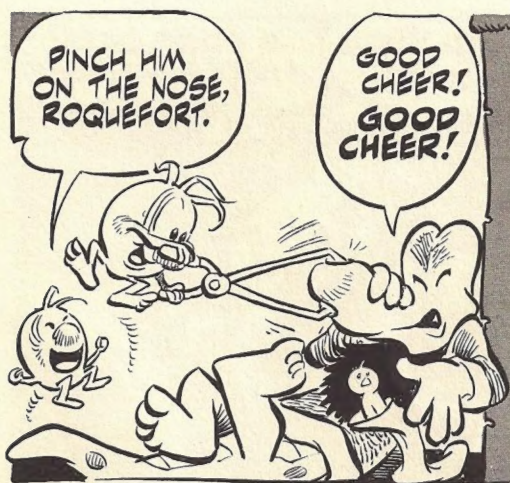
That shook, when he laughed,
Like a bowl full of jelly.



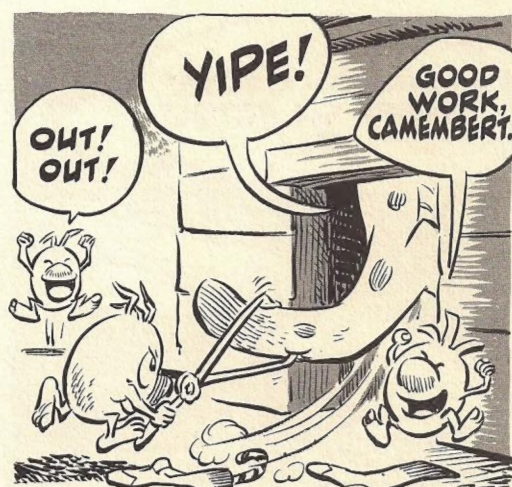
He spoke not a word
But went straight to his work,



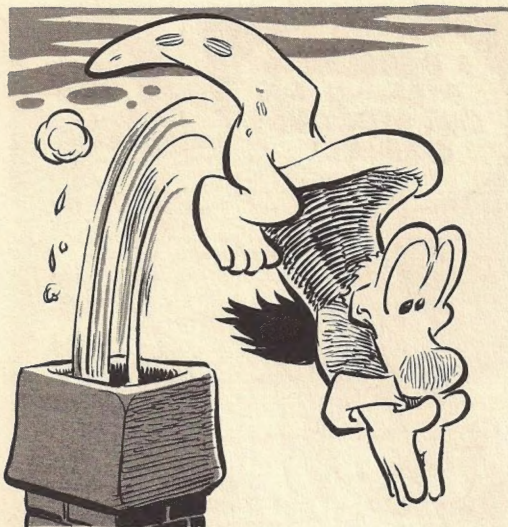
And filled all the stockings;
Then turned with a jerk,



And laying a finger
Aside of his nose,



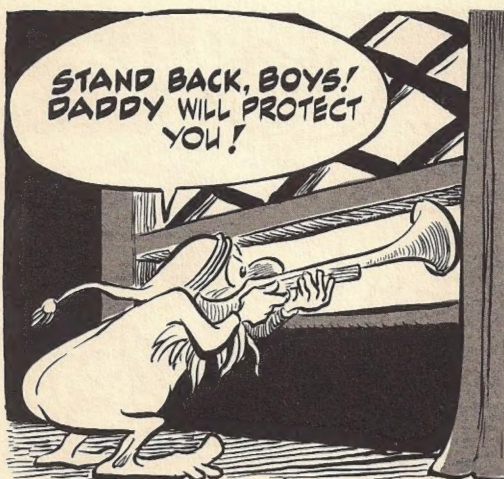
And giving a nod
Up the chimney he rose;



He sprang to his sleigh,
To his team gave a whistle,



And away they all flew
Like the down of a thistle.



But I heard him exclaim,
Ere he drove out of sight,



"Happy Christmas to all,
And to all a goodnight!"